That were his Lackies, I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word ; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather live
With Cheeſe and Garlike in a Wind-mill farre,
Then feed on cates, and have him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India* : ſhall I tell you, Couſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect.
And curbs himſelfe, even of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith hee does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe :
But doe not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame.
And ſince your comming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault.
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you :
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Government,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine ;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hot. Well I am ſchoold. Good-manners by your ſpeed.
Heere come our wives, and let us take our leaves.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*,
Glen. My daughter weepes, ſheele not part with you,

Sheele

Sheele be a ſoldier too, ſhee'le to the warres
Mor. Good father, tell her that ſhe, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.

Glen. Shee is deſperate heere,
A peeviſh ſelfe will'd harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe good upon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mor. I underſtand thy lookes, that prety *Welſh*,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley I could anſwer thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mor. I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With raviſhing diviſion to her lute.
Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhee runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glen. Shee bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heavineſſe
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harveſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mor. With all my heart i'le ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke be drawne.
Glen. Do ſo : and thoſe Muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thouſand Leagues from hence,
And ſtraight they ſhall be here, ſit and attend.

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